WILD WESTERN STORIES!

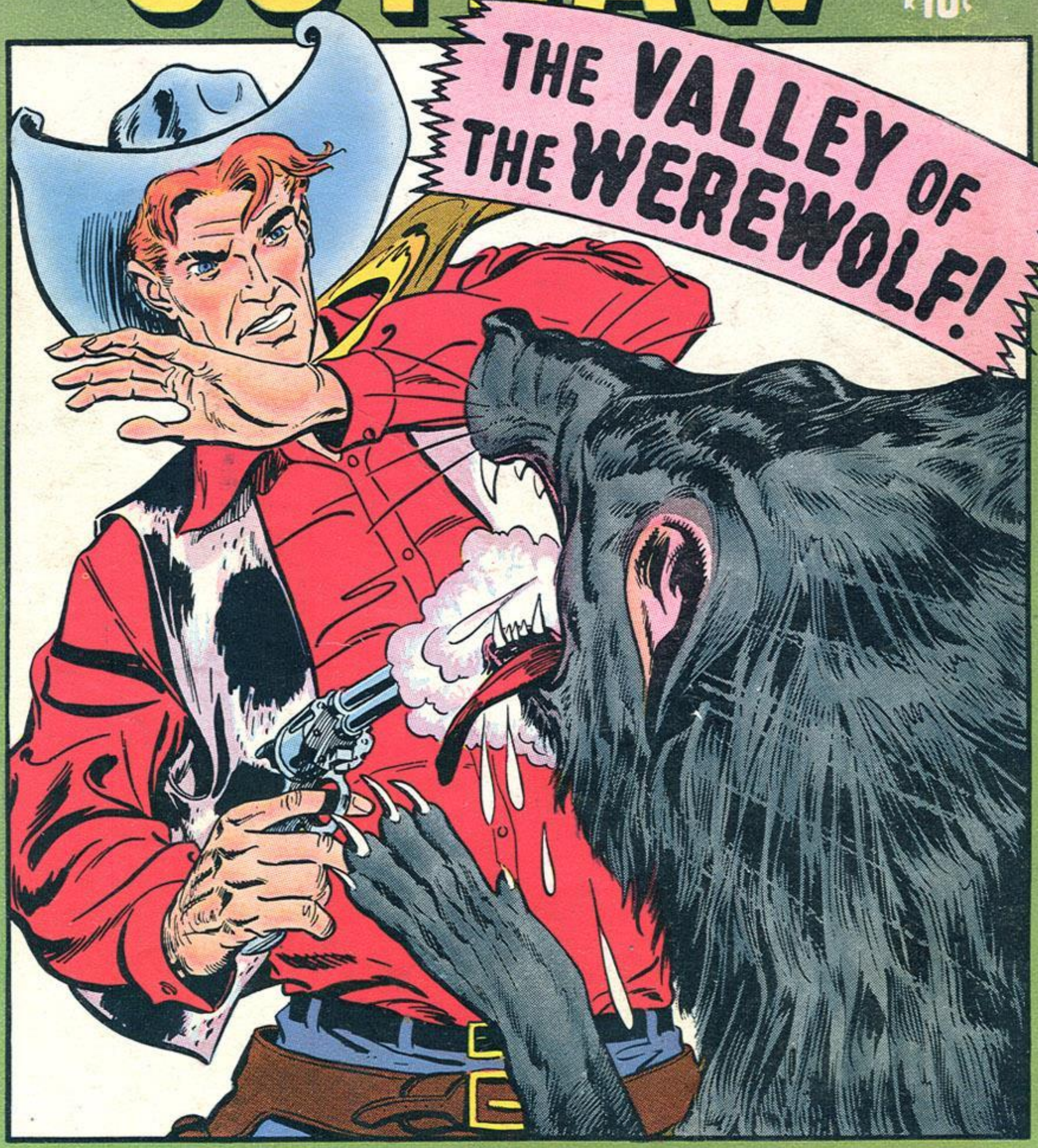
KID COLT OUTLAW

JULY
NO. 6

MARVEL COMIC

10¢

THE VALLEY OF THE WEREWOLF!



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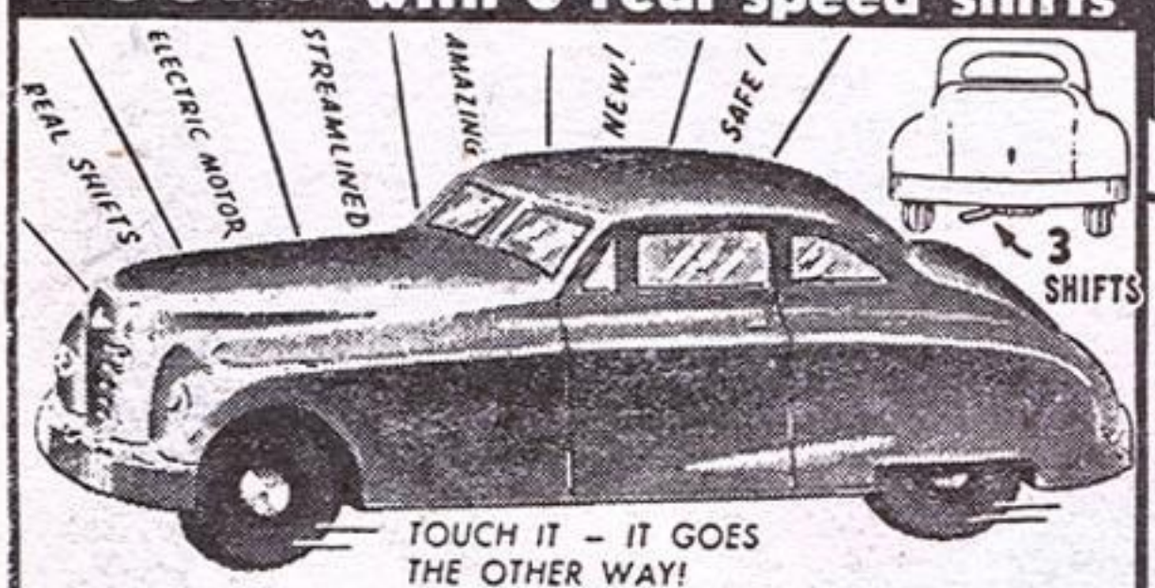

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It's New . . . It's Exciting!

RAPID FIRE TRIGGER WATER ACTION
17½ INCHES OVERALL – ALL PLASTIC
MOST REALISTIC MACHINE GUN MADE - BUTT COMES OFF JUST LIKE THE REAL THING

Here's your chance to get a RAIDER—exactly like a "tommy gun" except that it shoots water! RAIDER's Rapid Fire Trigger action never lets you down when you're firing on the "enemy". RAIDER has a big ammunition capacity, fires over 750 times on one filling! RAIDER is the most realistic machine gun made—even the butt comes off just the way it does in a real gun. RAIDER's Clicker-Equipment makes it just as much fun indoors as out. Send today to get your RAIDER — the newest, most exciting gun in the country. SEND NO MONEY. Rush your order today. Remit with order and we pay postage or order C.O.D. plus postage.

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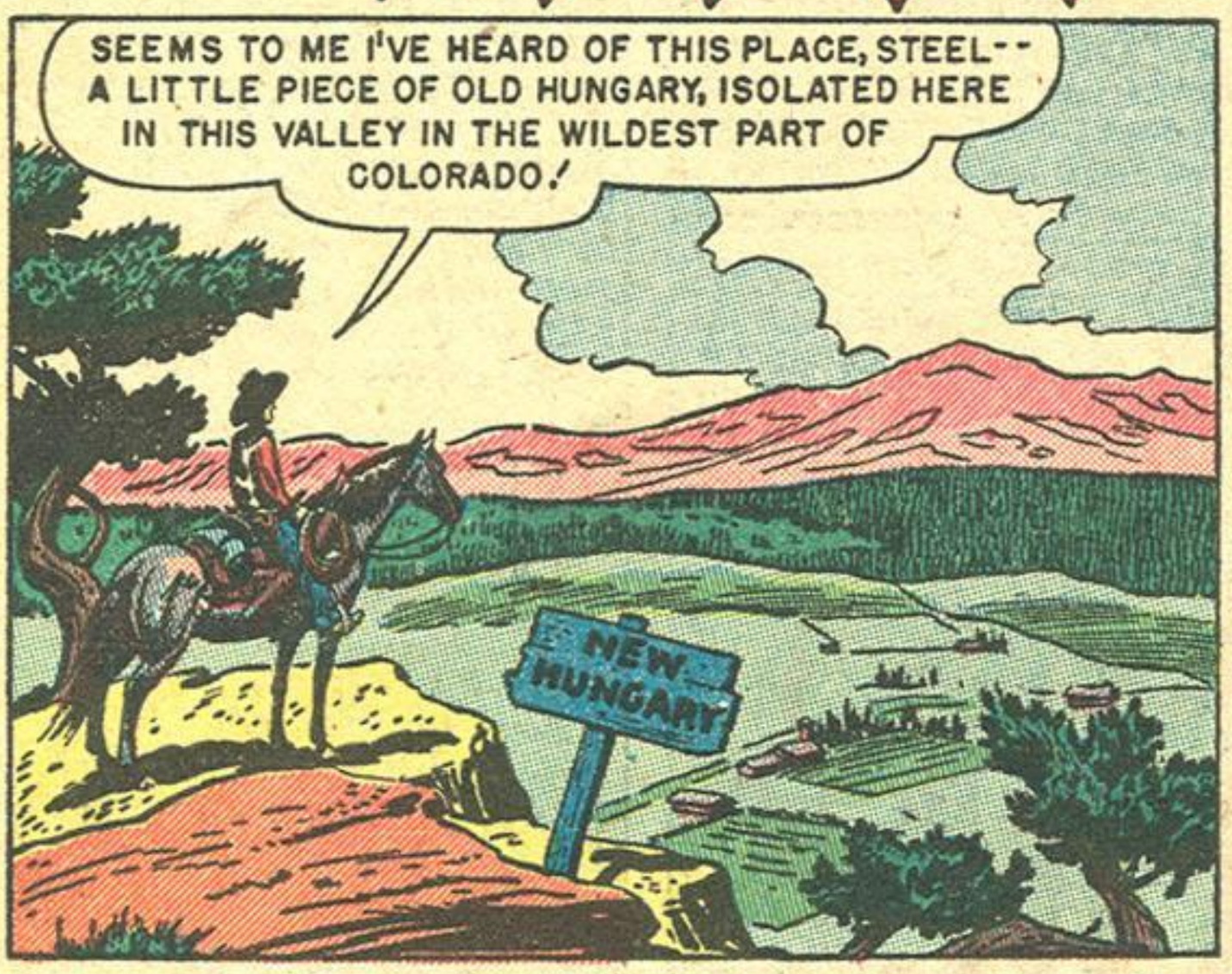
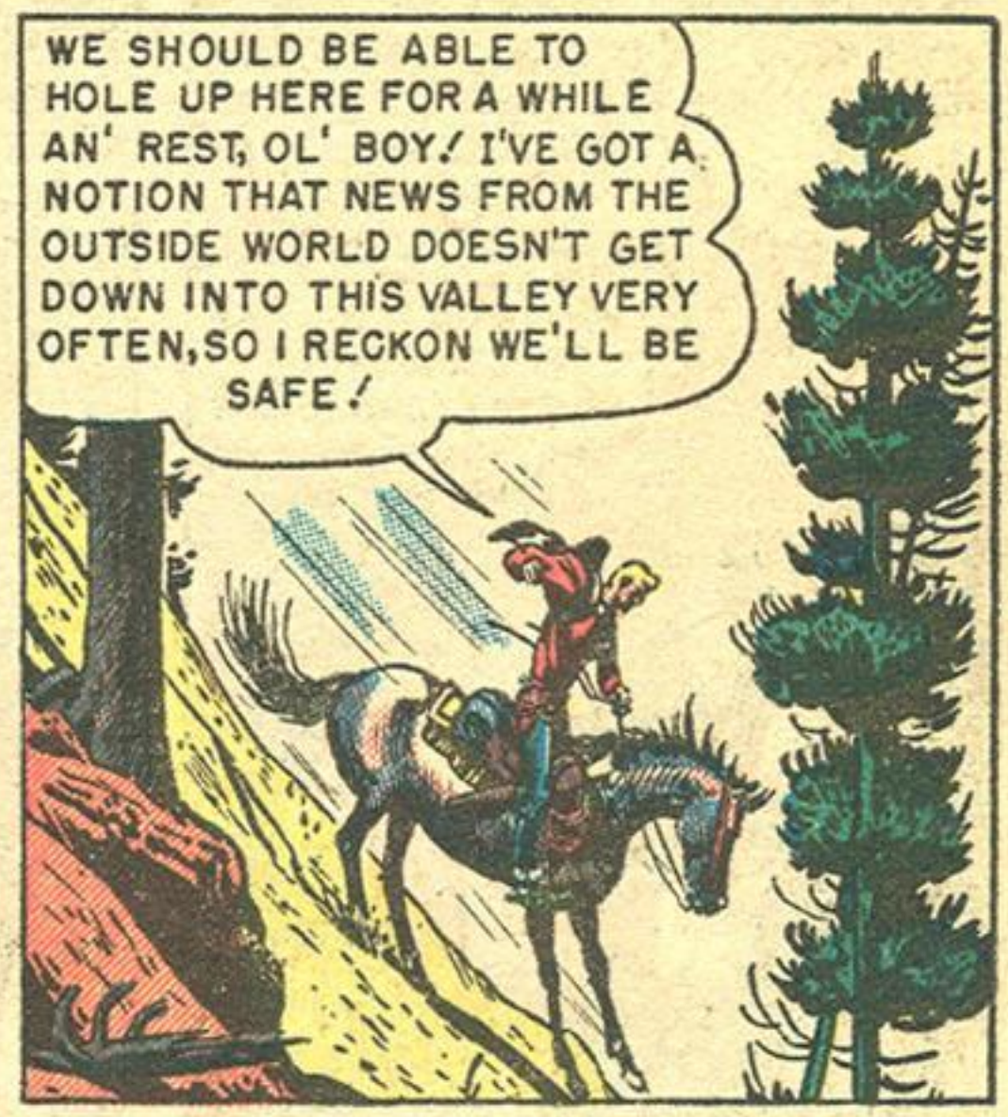
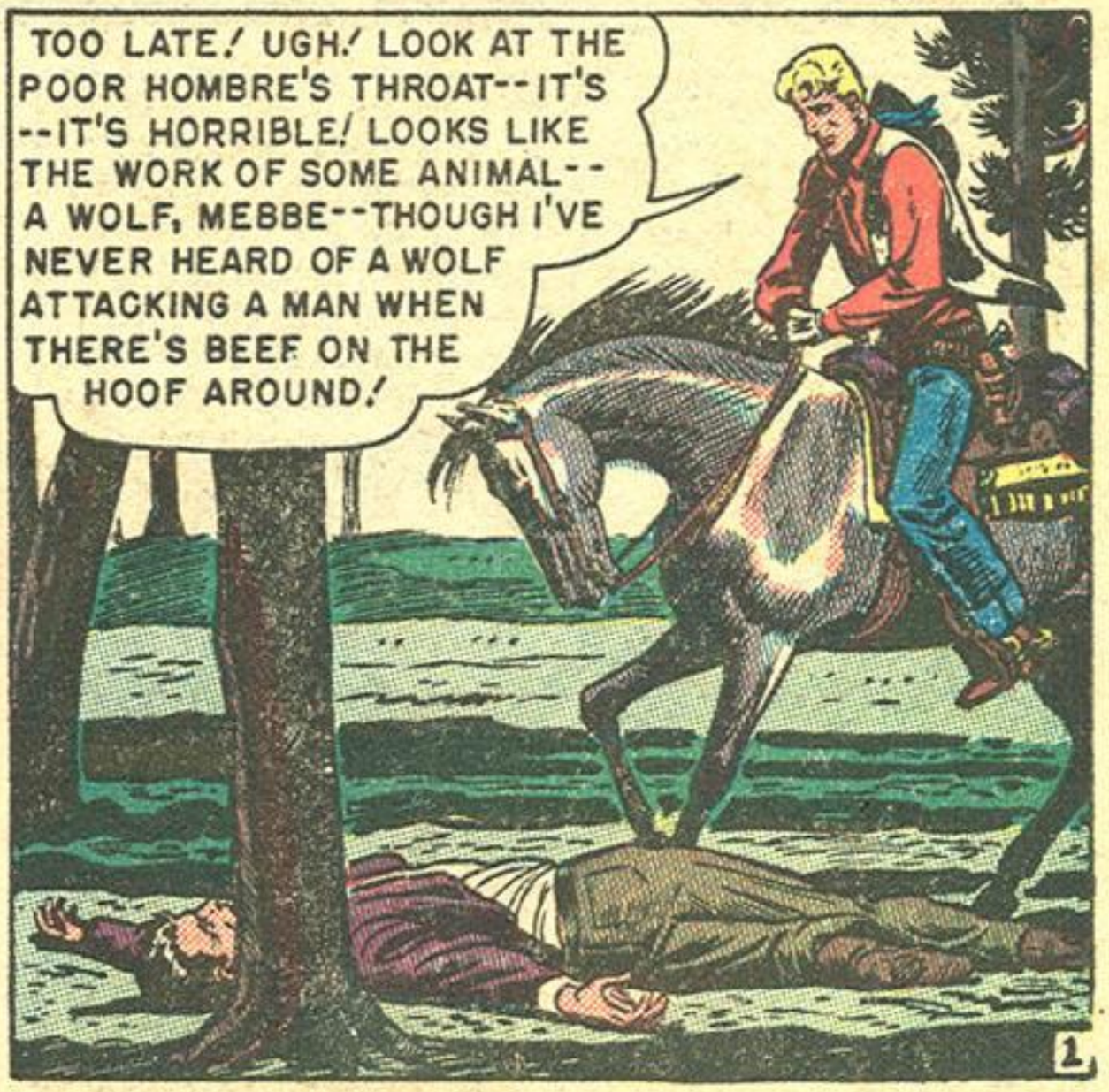
KID COLT

"THE VALLEY OF THE WEREWOLF!"


SEEMS TO ME I'VE HEARD OF THIS PLACE, STEEL-- A LITTLE PIECE OF OLD HUNGARY, ISOLATED HERE IN THIS VALLEY IN THE WILDEST PART OF COLORADO!
NEW HUNGARY


WE SHOULD BE ABLE TO HOLE UP HERE FOR A WHILE AN' REST, OL' BOY! I'VE GOT A NOTION THAT NEWS FROM THE OUTSIDE WORLD DOESN'T GET DOWN INTO THIS VALLEY VERY OFTEN, SO I RECKON WE'LL BE SAFE!

LISTEN TO THAT! SOUNDS LIKE A MAN SCREAMING IN AGONY! LET'S GO, STEEL! WHATEVER'S HAPPENING TO THAT JASPER AIN'T NICE!
AAAAAAAAA...!


TOO LATE! UGH! LOOK AT THE POOR HOMBRE'S THROAT--IT'S --IT'S HORRIBLE! LOOKS LIKE THE WORK OF SOME ANIMAL-- A WOLF, MEBBE--THOUGH I'VE NEVER HEARD OF A WOLF ATTACKING A MAN WHEN THERE'S BEEF ON THE HOOF AROUND!
1

RECKON THE LEAST WE C'N DO IS PACK THE POOR CRITTER INTO TOWN.! STEADY, STEEL, STEADY NOW.! CAN'T SAY I BLAME YOU FOR BALKING-- THIS GENT SURE HAS A POWERFUL SMELL ABOUT HIM.!

A SHORT WHILE LATER, KID COLT RIDES INTO THE LITTLE TOWN OF NEW HUNGARY WITH HIS GRIM BURDEN.!

LOOK.! ANOTHER DEAD MAN.! THE WEREWOLF HAS STRUCK AGAIN.!

THE WEREWOLF.!

THE WEREWOLF HAS STRUCK AGAIN.!

WHO IS IT THIS TIME?

SEE, JOSEPH-- THE NECK TORN, NOTHING ELSE TOUCHED.!

AH, LIKE ALL THE OTHERS.! TOMORROW I GATHER MY FAMILY AND MOVE OUT OF THIS ACCURSED VALLEY.!

WHY DON'T YOU LAY FOR THIS WOLF CRITTER AND SHOOT HIM?

ONLY A FOOL WOULD SAY THAT, STRANGER.! EVERYBODY KNOWS THAT A WEREWOLF CAN ONLY BE KILLED BY A SILVER BULLET IN THE DARK OF THE MOON.! WE FROM THE OLD COUNTRY KNOW THIS.!

WHAT WOLF SAYS IS TRUE.!

AH.! THE WEREWOLF IS THE RESTLESS SOUL OF A DEAD ONE WHO INHABITS THE BODY OF A WOLF AND KILLS LIKE A VAMPIRE.!

THAT'S CRAZY TALK, GENTS.! I DON'T HOLD WITH THIS SUPER-NATURAL STUFF.! A MAN'S A MAN AN' A WOLF'S A WOLF, AN' IF THERE'S ANYTHING STRANGE GOIN' ON AROUND HERE, YOU C'N BET YOUR BOTTOM DOLLAR THAT THERE'S A LIVE MAN IN BACK OF IT-- AN' DOIN' IT FOR SOME PURPOSE OF HIS OWN.!

LISTEN, MISTER, WE DON'T TAKE KINDLY TO LECTURES BY STRANGERS.! NOW GET OUT OF THIS VALLEY AS FAST AS THAT CAYUSE C'N CARRY YOU, OR I'LL TAKE IT UPON MYSELF TO SEE THAT YOU STAY HERE-- PLANTED.!

NO MAN TELLS ME WHAT TO DO, WOLF.! I'M NOT RIDIN' OUT UNTIL I GET GOOD AN' READY, AN' IF YOU THINK YOU C'N DO SOMETHIN' ABOUT IT--YOU'RE WELCOME TO TRY--NOW TAKE YOUR PAWS OFF THOSE REINS.!

WHY YOU...! I'LL CUT YOU TO WOLF BAIT.!

LOOK.! ILONA NADARES' WOLF DOG... AND HE HAS BLOOD ON HIS MUZZLE.!

IN A SECOND, LEAD ROCKETS THROUGH THE STREETS, SEEKING THE LIFE OF THE WOLF DOG, THROWN BY THE TRIGGER-NERVED FRIGHTENED PEOPLE.' THE WOLF DOG DODGES AND VANISHES.'

GET HIM!

IT IS HE WHO IS THE WEREWOLF!

PALACE HOTEL

THERE'S YOUR ANSWER, MEN.' ILONA'S BROTHER WAS MYSTERIOUSLY MURDERED--HIS SOUL HAS TAKEN POSSESSION OF THE WOLF DOG AND HE'S TAKING VENGEANCE ON THE VALLEY.' WE MUST KILL THE WOLF DOG AND DESTROY HIS BLACK WEREWOLF SOUL.' FOLLOW ME!

AH.' THAT IS THE WAY IT IS DONE IN THE OLD COUNTRY.'

HOLD ON THERE!

UNHEEDING THE KID'S CALL, THE FEAR-CRAZED, SUPERSTITION-RIDDEN MOB ADVANCES IN THE DEEPENING TWILIGHT TOWARD A LITTLE CABIN AT THE EDGE OF TOWN.'

HE WENT BACK TO THE CABIN.' THE GIRL WILL TRY TO PROTECT HIM, BUT WE'LL BURN THE CABIN TO THE GROUND TO GET HIM--WON'T WE, MEN?

AH, THE WEREWOLF MUST BE DESTROYED.' KILL THE DOG--AND HIS MISTRESS.'

MAYBE WE'LL TAKE A HAND IN THIS DEAL, STEEL, IF THINGS START GETTIN' ROUGH.'

STRANGER, I HEARD WHAT YOU SAID BEFORE, AND I AGREE WITH YOU.' THIS WEREWOLF SCARE IS DRIVING PEOPLE FROM THE VALLEY AND THAT'S BAD FOR BUSINESS.'

I'M JAN STRIKER, AND I OWN MOST OF THE STORES IN THE VALLEY SO YOU CAN SEE WHY I WANT THIS STOPPED.' YOU LOOK LIKE A HARD MAN TO SCARE.' HOW WOULD YOU LIKE TO WORK FOR ME, CLEARING THIS THING UP? YOUR FIRST JOB WOULD BE TO STOP THAT MOB.'

MISTER, YOU'VE JUST HIRED YOURSELF A HAND.'

LOOK AT THAT SPUNKY GAL FACIN' THAT MOB.' RECKON I'M GONNA LIKE THIS JOB.'

WE WANT THAT WERE-WOLF DOG OF YOUR'N, AN WE AIM TO GET HIM--IF WE HAVE TO TRAMP YOU DOWN TO GET HIM.' WE ALL SAW THE BLOOD ON HIS MUZZLE.'

YOU FOOLS, HE'D JUST KILLED A RABBIT--THAT'S WHERE THE BLOOD CAME FROM.' YOU'LL GET HIM OVER MY DEAD BODY.' HE'S THE ONLY PROTECTION I HAVE IN THIS BLOODY VALLEY, UNTIL I FIND MY BROTHER'S MURDERER.'

STICK TO YOUR GUNS, MA'AM, I'LL BACK YOUR PLAY.'

SO, BUTTIN' IN AGAIN, HUH? D'YOU THINK YOU CAN STAND OFF THIS WHOLE MOB? WHY, WE'LL TEAR YOU TO PIECES!

MEBBE I CAN'T STAND OFF THE WHOLE MOB--BUT THE FIRST MOVE THEY MAKE, I'LL SHOOT YOU DOWN LIKE A DOG! THINK IT OVER, WOLF!

WELL, MEBBE WE'VE BEEN A LITTLE NASTY, MEN! AS FOR YOU, ILONA, I'LL GET YOU WHEN THIS HOMBRE AIN'T AROUND!

RECKON YOU NEED A LESSON IN MANNERS, WOLF!

THIS'LL TEACH YOU TO KEEP A CIVIL TONGUE IN YOUR HEAD WHEN YOU TALK TO A LADY!

OOOFFFFF!

HAH! YOU MADE A MISTAKE THIS TIME, HOMBRE! NO MAN ALIVE C'N BEAT WOLF DEPARD WITH ONLY HIS EMPTY HANDS! I'M GONNA TEAR YOU TO PIECES--I'LL GOUGE OUT YOUR EYES AN' FEED 'EM TO THE CROWS!

YOU SURE TELL IT SCARY, MISTER! NOW GET UP AN' FIGHT!

WITH THE SPRING OF A CATAMOUNT, WOLF LEAPS FORWARD AND GRAPPLES THE KID!

HAH! GOT YOU! I'LL CRACK YOUR SPINE LIKE A ROTTEN STICK!

UGH! HE'S GOT A GRIP LIKE A BEAR TRAP! IF I DON'T GET FREE, PRONTO, HE'LL MAKE HIS BOASTS GOOD!

SUDDENLY THE KID GOES LIMP, SAGS DOWNWARD, THEN... AS THE TERRIBLE GRIP RELAXES FOR A SECOND-- HE LASHES OUT WITH BOTH FEET!

NOT YET, WOLF-- YOU HAVEN'T GOT ME YET!

OOFFF!

NOW COME AND GET IT!

AN' THIS SHOULD FINISH IT!

ALL RIGHT, FOLKS, THE SHOW'S OVER! YOU C'N GO HOME NOW, AN' TAKE THAT PIECE OF CARRION WITH YOU!

THANK YOU SO MUCH, MISTER! THE VALLEY PEOPLE AREN'T GENERALLY SO BLOODTHIRSTY! THEY'VE BEEN STIRRED UP BY THIS WEREWOLF TALK AND THE MYSTERIOUS KILLINGS! ARNO, HERE, WOULDN'T BITE ANYONE UNLESS THEY TRIED TO HURT ME!

I WAS GLAD TO HELP, MA'AM!

YOU SURE DID A GOOD JOB OF IT!

WHO'S THIS WOLF HOMBRE, AN' WHERE DOES HE HANG HIS HAT? SEEMS HE'S THE BIGGEST TROUBLE MAKER!

HE'S THE VALLEY'S WOLFER! TRAPS AND KILLS THE WOLVES THAT KILL THE VALLEY CATTLE! HE HAS A SHACK ON THE SOUTH SLOPE, HIDDEN IN THE TIMBER! MIGHT BE A GOOD IDEA IF YOU PAID HIS PLACE A VISIT!

RECKON I'LL DO JUST THAT! MA'AM, YOU'D BETTER KEEP YOUR DOG INDOORS FOR AWHILE, AN' KEEP THAT RIFLE HANDY!

YOU BE CAREFUL, TOO, STRANGER! QUEER, HORRIBLE THINGS HAVE HAPPENED IN THIS VALLEY!

IN THE DARKNESS OF NIGHT, THE KID CAREFULLY PICKS HIS WAY TOWARD WOLF'S CABIN, WHILE MALEVOLENT HIDDEN EYES WATCH HIS APPROACH!

THAT MUST BE THAT WOLF JASPER'S CABIN! I'D BETTER EASE UP TO IT CAUTIOUS-LIKE!

KID COLT CREEPS SILENTLY FORWARD AND, AS HE REACHES THE EDGE OF THE BRUSH...

UNGH!!

THAT SHOULD TAKE CARE OF YOU FOR AWHILE! NOW I'LL TAKE CARE OF THE OTHER CHORE WITHOUT ANY INTERFERENCE.'

SOMETIME LATER THE KID COMES OUT OF THE DEEP POOL OF UNCONSCIOUSNESS INTO WHICH HE HAD BEEN PLUNGED BY THE VICIOUS BLOW!

WH--WHAT HIT ME? SAY, YOU'RE THE LITTLE LADY'S DOG! WHAT'S UP, BOY? WHAT DO YOU WANT?

EEEENNN! (WHINE!)

HE WANTS US TO FOLLOW HIM! SOMETHING MUST'VE HAPPENED TO THE GIRL! LET'S GO, STEEL! FOLLOW THE DOG, BOY--FOLLOW HIM!

THROUGH THE NIGHT PLUNGE WOLF DOG, MAN AND GALLANT HORSE, AND...

HELP! HELP!

THAT SOUNDS LIKE THE GIRL'S VOICE!

TOO DARK--I DON'T THINK I HIT HIM!

YOU ALL RIGHT, MA'AM?

YES! YES, I'M ALL RIGHT! YOU CAME JUST IN TIME! THAT BEAST CAUGHT ME OUTSIDE THE CABIN AND DRAGGED ME ON HIS HORSE AND INTO THE WOODS! HE SAID HE WAS GOING TO FEED ME TO THE WERE-WOLF SO I WOULDN'T TALK!

I DON'T UNDERSTAND WHAT'S HAPPENING HERE! DID YOUR BROTHER TELL ANYTHING THAT MIGHT THROW LIGHT ON THE SITUATION BEFORE HE WAS BUSHWHACKED?

NO! TED CAME HOME TO SUPPER VERY EXCITED! HE WAS A SURVEYOR, AND WAS HELPING SOME OF THE RANCHERS ESTABLISH THEIR BOUNDARY LINES! HE WAS SO EXCITED HE COULDN'T EAT! HE SAID HE HAD TO SEE JAN STRIKER RIGHT AWAY, BUT I GUESS HE NEVER GOT THERE! WE FOUND HIS BODY ON THE TRAIL, SHOT IN THE BACK!

WAIT, SOMEONE'S RIDIN' UP!

ILONA, IS THAT YOU?

IT'S JAN STRIKER!

ILONA, WHAT HAPPENED? I WENT TO YOUR CABIN BUT YOU WERE GONE--I COULDN'T FIND YOU ANYWHERE! I WAS SO WORRIED...ANOTHER MAN HAS BEEN KILLED BY THE WEREWOLF! JOSEPH WAS PULLED FROM HIS HORSE AND THE THING MANGLED HIS THROAT, JUST LIKE ALL THE OTHERS!

MISTER STRIKER, WILL YOU SEE THAT MISS ILONA GETS HOME SAFE? I'VE GOT A LOT OF QUESTIONS I WANT ANSWERED, AN' I FIGURE THERE'S ONE HOMBRE C'N ANSWER THEM--WOLF DEPARD! I'M GOIN' BACK TO HIS CABIN AN' BEAT THE ANSWERS OUT OF HIM IF I HAVE TO!

I THINK YOU'RE ON THE RIGHT TRAIL!

BACK ONCE MORE AT THE WOLFER'S SHACK, KID COLT CALLS ON ALL THE SKILL ACQUIRED RIDING THE OWL-HOOT TRAIL--TO KEEP FROM BEING SURPRISED AGAIN BY THE MURDEROUS WOLF DEPARD!

THAT--IT'S FAMILIAR!

SUDDENLY, THOUGH NO SOUND HAS COME TO HIS EARS, HIS KEEN SENSES WARN THE KID THAT DANGER IS NEAR AND HE WHIRLS JUST IN TIME!

NO YOU DON'T!

BAM!

THIS'LL KEEP YOU PUT FOR AWHILE, YOU BUZZARD!

YOU!... OHHHH!

CRACK!

IT'LL GIVE ME A CHANCE TO LOOK AROUND HERE, WHILE THIS COYOTE'S SLEEPING IT OFF!

INSIDE THE CABIN, KID COLT BEGINS A CAREFUL EXAMINATION OF THE PREMISES--AND DISCOVERS A HIDDEN TRAP-DOOR IN THE FLOOR!

I GOT A HUNCH ABOUT WHAT I'LL FIND DOWN HERE!

I THOUGHT SO! THAT'S THE WEREWOLF THAT'S BEEN HAUNTING THIS VALLEY! AND I THINK I KNOW WHY HE ONLY GOES FOR THE THROATS OF HIS VICTIMS!

WOLF LURE! THAT SMELL THAT CLUNG TO THE DEAD MAN I FOUND WAS THIS STUFF--IT HAD BEEN POURED ALL OVER HIS THROAT! THIS WOLF LURE DRIVES A WOLF CRAZY, JUST LIKE CATNIP DOES A CAT! A WOLF WILL TEAR AT ANYTHING THAT HAS THIS STUFF ON IT!

WOLF LURE

WOLF LURE

WELL, I'M GLAD YOU DECIDED TO WAKE UP! I'VE GOT THIS THING FIGGERED PRETTY MUCH! YOU'D GRAB THOSE POOR JASPERS, POUR THE WOLF LURE ON THEIR THROATS, AN' TURN THEM LOOSE WITH YOUR PET AFTER THEM--THEN CALL YOUR WOLF BACK AFTER HE'D GOTTEN AT THEIR THROATS! NOW I WANT TO KNOW--WHY?

YOU AIN'T GETTIN' IT OUTTA ME, YOU INTERFERIN' SNAKE!

I THINK YOU'LL TALK, 'CAUSE IF YOU DON'T I'M GOIN' TO GIVE YOU A LITTLE OF YOUR OWN TREATMENT! TALK! OR I'LL POUR THIS WOLF LURE ON YOUR THROAT AN' KICK YOU DOWN THAT TRAP DOOR TO YOUR PET!

NO, NO, DON'T!

DROP THOSE GUNS, MISTER, OR I'LL LET DAYLIGHT THROUGH YOU!

SURPRISED, MISTER? YOU WANTED SOME QUESTIONS ANSWERED--WELL, I'LL ANSWER THEM, SEEING AS YOU'LL SOON BE ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE VALLEY'S CURSE!

SO...YOU HIRED ME SO THAT YOU COULD KEEP AN EYE ON ME!

THAT'S RIGHT! I ENGINEERED THIS WHOLE PLAN TO DRIVE THE PEOPLE FROM THE VALLEY! AS THEY LEAVE, I BUY UP THEIR LAND! ILONA'S BROTHER DISCOVERED OIL HERE...THE WHOLE FLOOR OF THE VALLEY IS COVERED WITH IT!

HOLD HIM FOR THE TREATMENT, WOLF!

IT'S A PLEASURE, BOSS!

OF COURSE IT WAS I WHO KILLED ILONA'S BROTHER! I WILL KILL HER SOON, TOO--HER BROTHER MIGHT HAVE TOLD HER OF THE OIL! WOLF DEPARD AND HIS PET HAVE BEEN PLAYING ON THE SUPERSTITIONS OF THESE OLD-WORLD FOOLS IN THE VALLEY AND SOON THEY'LL ALL BE SCARED OUT--AND THE VALLEY WILL BE *MINE!*

NOW YOU KNOW IT ALL--BUT WHAT GOOD WILL IT DO YOU? HA! HA! WOLF, LET YOUR PET LOOSE! START RUNNING, HOMBRE!

YOU MURDERIN' HOUND!

THIS LOOKS LIKE MY FINISH! THAT BRUTE WILL CATCH UP TO ME IN A FEW MINUTES AND GO FOR MY THROAT!

HIS BREATH CATCHING AT HIS THROAT, KID COLT STRUGGLES FORWARD WHILE, BEHIND HIM, COMES THE LONG, HIGH HOWL OF THE HUNTING WOLF!

SOON THE MONSTROUS BEAST RUSHES INTO SIGHT, ITS MAD HOWLS TAKING ON A FRENZIED NOTE AS IT CATCHES SIGHT OF ITS QUARRY!

YOU AIN'T GOIN' TO TAKE ME LIKE YOU DID THE OTHERS! IF YOU WANT MY BLOOD, YOU'RE GOING TO HAVE TO FIGHT FOR IT!

AR-R-R-R!

SUDDENLY ANOTHER ELEMENT ENTERS THE DRAMA!

IT'S ILONA'S WOLF-HOUND! *GET HIM, ARNO!*

THEN, TO REMOVE ANY DOUBT AS TO THE OUTCOME OF THE CONTEST...

STEEL! GOOD BOY!

I COULDN'T STAY IN THE CABIN! I WORRIED ABOUT YOU!

I CAN'T EXPLAIN NOW.! GO BACK TO YOUR CABIN.! I'LL COME TO YOU THERE, AND WHEN I DO THE CURSE THAT HAS HAUNTED THIS VALLEY WILL BE GONE.!

BE CAREFUL, FRIEND.! LUCK BE WITH YOU.!

KID COLT RETRACES HIS STEPS, AND APPROACHES THE CABIN AGAIN, HIS FACE SET AND DEADLY, HIS EYES GLINTING LIKE BLUE STEEL IN THE MOONLIGHT.!

YOU CAN CALL YOUR WOLF BACK NOW.! HA.! HA.! ANOTHER VICTIM OF THE WEREWOLF WILL BE FOUND IN THE MORNING, AND MORE RANCHERS WILL MOVE OUT.! SOON THE VALLEY WILL BE EMPTY OF ALL BUT YOU AND ME AND THE OIL!

...AND THE WERE-WOLF'S NEXT VICTIM WILL BE-- ILONA NADARES.!

NO! YOU TWO WILL BE THE NEXT VICTIMS, BUT FROM LEAD, NOT A WOLF'S FANGS.! I'M GIVING YOU A BREAK-- *DRAW,* YOU SKUNKS, *DRAW!*

IT'S HIM.! *KILL HIM!*

THIS TIME WE'LL MAKE SURE OF HIM.!

TAKE IT, YOU CROOKED SNAKES.!

LATER, AT THE LITTLE CABIN ON THE EDGE OF TOWN!

AN' THAT'S THE WHOLE STORY, MA'AM.! YOU CAN EITHER TELL THESE PEOPLE ABOUT THE OIL, OR KEEP THE SECRET AND LET THEM BE PEACEFUL AND HAPPY IN THIS LITTLE PART OF AMERICA THAT THEY'VE MADE THEIR OWN.!

I THINK THE LAST WAY IS BEST.!

SO, AS DAWN COMES UP OVER THE VALLEY, KID COLT RIDES OUT, BACK TO THE DANGEROUS TRAILS OF THE HUNTED... BACK TO THE OWL-HOOT TRAIL.! BUT BEHIND HIM HE LEAVES A VALLEY AWAKENING TO A NEW DAY OF PEACE UNDER THE WESTERN SKIES.!

THE END

GUNMAN'S FOLLY!

A THIN band of light shone dimly from beneath the drawn blind of the Prairie City General Store. The time was a little past eight, but even at this early evening hour the single main street of the frontier town was already deserted.

It was a simple matter for Tate Gibbons to take his position outside the office window —and without fear of being seen.

He pressed his large, hulking body against the side of the building, and then, cautiously, he lowered his eyes to the tiny space beneath the drawn blind. A slow, satisfied smile spread across his coarse features at what he saw inside . . .

The back of the old man was toward him. He was a thin, stooped-shouldered man and the single lamp suspended over his head highlighted the thin wisps of grey hair. A large heap of silver dollars were piled atop the desk and the old man was carefully stacking them into neat piles.

From where he stood, Tate could hear the jingle of the coins as they slapped against each other. He ran his tongue nervously across his dry lips and instinctly fingered the ivory butt of his revolver.

"It'll be over in no time," he thought to himself. "The old man should be easy pickings."

With a quick step he walked up to the office door and rapped softly against it. There was a long moment of silence. Then he heard the scrape of a chair, and immediately following it, the sound of the coins. The way they hit against each other gave Tate the impression that the old man was getting rid of them in a hurry.

After what seemed a long interval he heard footsteps approaching the door, and then the dry rasp of the latch being thrown back.

When the door had opened slightly, Tate went into action. With a sudden movement he threw his weight against it and crashed into the room—the force of his hurtling body sending the old man sprawling before him. He was on top of him in a moment, and before the old man could make an outcry, Tate brought the butt of his revolver downward against the side of his head. The old fellow pitched forward, his stifled cry turning into a low, almost inaudible moan.

Tate was up in a hurry. His breathing was a little heavy, but his movements were quick and well controlled. Silently he closed the door, and then, stepping over the motionless figure, he walked over to the desk. The money, as he suspected, was no longer there. With a quick motion he jerked open the lower drawer. A heavy leather pouch lay inside and the weight of it, as he lifted it, was enough proof that he had what he had come after.

He crossed quickly to the door and took another last look around. The old man hadn't moved, but he could see that he was still breathing. Opening the door cautiously, Tate poked his head out for a quick look. Everything was as quiet as it had been when he entered. With a silent step he walked out, gently closing the door behind him . . .

He was on the outskirts of town when a thought flashed through his mind. "What if the old man should recognize him someday?"

It was unlikely that he'd ever return to Prairie City, but life had a funny way of catching up with people. It would be just his luck to run into the old man somewhere—things like that had happened to others, and it could happen to him just as easily. There was only one thing to do, and he didn't hesitate.

Ten minutes later, Tate was back at the general store. Cautiously he pushed open the door and stepped in. The old man, with his back to Tate, had pulled himself to his knees. Soundlessly, Tate drew his revolver from his holster. There was only one thing to do, and that was to shut the old man up for good. As he pulled back the hammer something hard poked into his ribs, and a calm but firm voice spoke close to his ear. "Drop that gun or you're a dead pigeon!"

Tate's gun clattered to the floor and his hands slowly reached up over his head. The next moment he was facing the sheriff of Prairie City.

"I kinda thought something was fishy when I saw the front door open," said the sheriff. "Looks like I got ya red-handed."

"Why did I come back?" mumbled Tate, incoherently. "I shoulda kept goin' and takin' muh chances."

"Don't know what you're talkin' about, stranger," said the sheriff. "All I know is that you'll get plenty. We aim to go hard on any hombre who'd try stealin' from a BLIND MAN!"

THE END—5583

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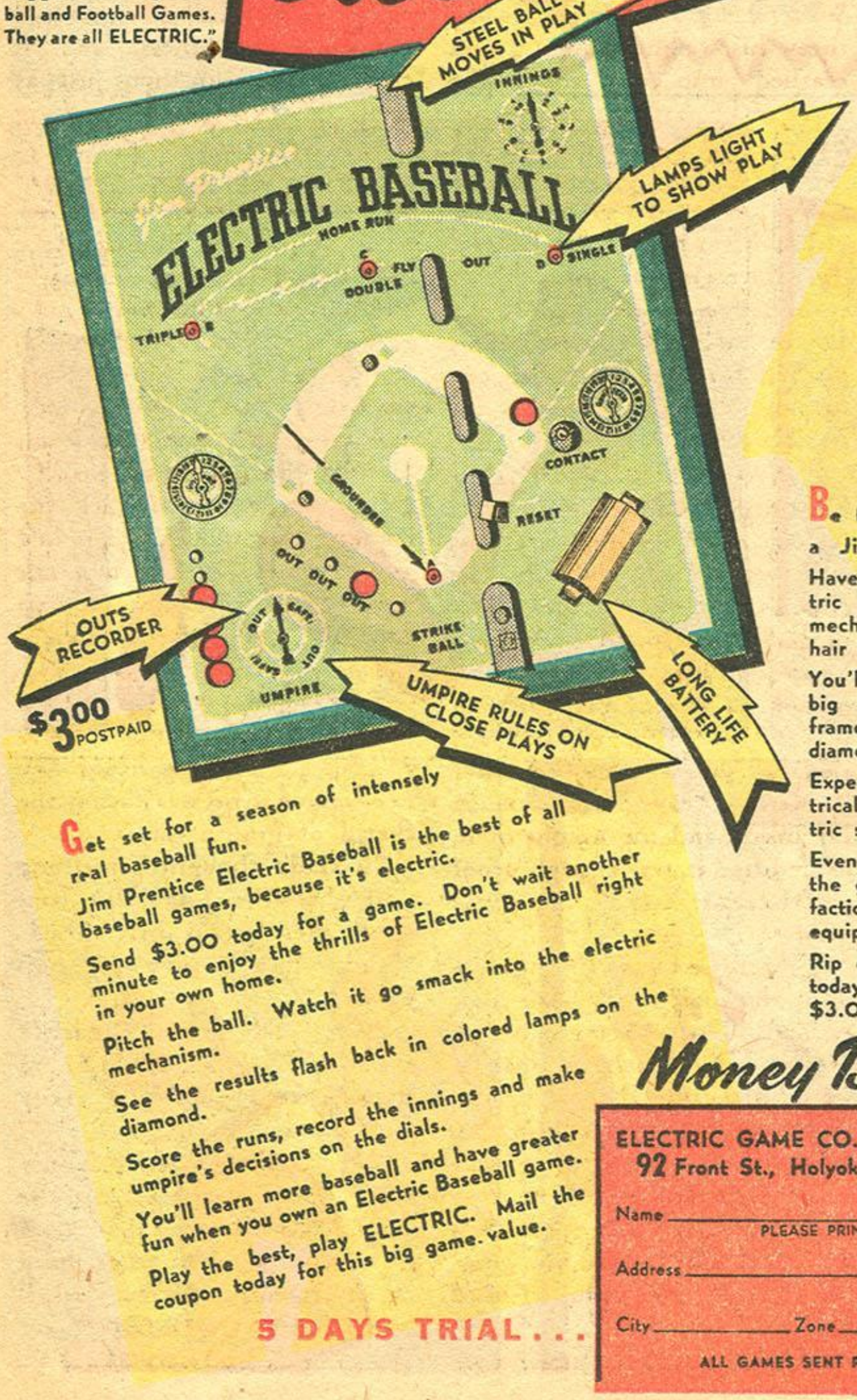

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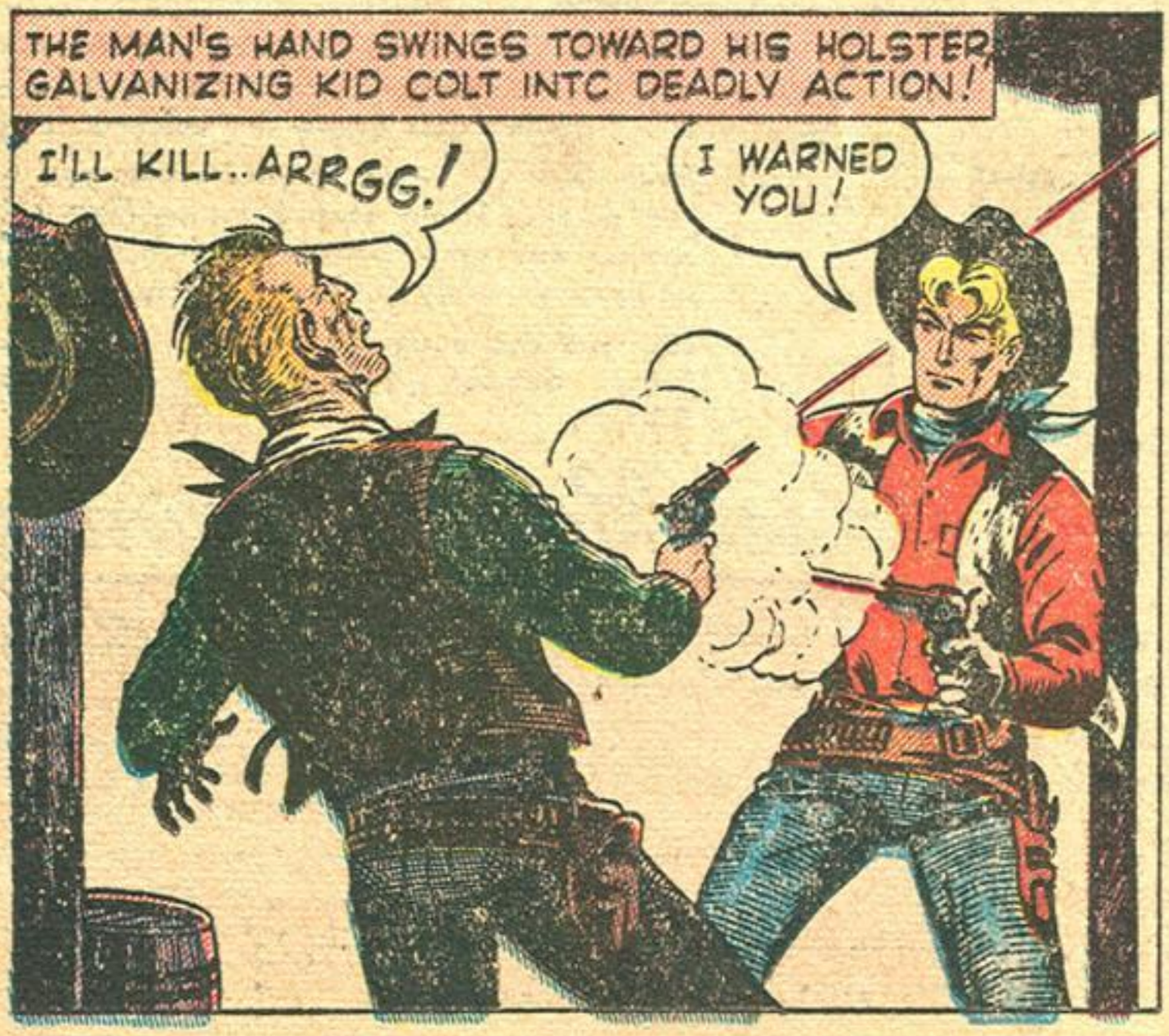
KID COLT

"TRAPPED IN THE HIDDEN MINE!"

5259

AS THE KID MOUNTS THE WOODEN STEPS, THE HARD-LOOKING MAN WHO HAD JUST LEFT THE HOTEL SWERVES INTO HIM, AND THE KID LOOKS INTO A FACE SET FOR VICIOUS TROUBLE!



HOLD IT, FRIEND! I'M SNAKE SORENSON...I RUN THIS HERE TOWN! MATTER OF FACT, YOU DID ME A GOOD TURN BY GUNNIN' DOWN THAT COYOTE, SQINT! HE WAS GETTIN' IDEAS...I'D HAVE HAD TO GUN HIM MYSELF SOON, SO YOU SAVED ME THE TROUBLE! LET'S HAVE A DRINK ON IT!

SUITS ME!

YOU'RE MIGHTY FAST WITH THOSE HOGLEGS OF YOURS, MISTER! WHAT'S YOUR HANDLE?

KID COLT!

KID COLT? SAY, YOU'VE GOTTA JOIN OUR GANG... WE COULD SURE USE A MAN LIKE YOU!

THAT'S FOR ME! MAKE MINE TEQUILA!

WHAT D'YA SAY, BOYS? LET'S DRINK TO THE NEW MEMBER OF SNAKE SORENSON'S GANG!

I HEARD OF THIS JASPER! A GOOD GUNHAND!

SURROUNDED BY THE HARDCASE CREW, KID COLT KNOWS THAT REFUSAL TO JOIN THE VULTURE GANG WILL RESULT IN SUDDEN DEATH FOR HIM! QUIETLY HE DRINKS AND MAKES HIS PLANS!

SNAKE, I RECKON I'LL GET SOME SHUT-EYE... HAD A LONG, HARD RIDE TODAY!

KENO, KID! TOMORROW I'LL LET YOU IN ON A GOOD THING...TELL YOU WHY WE CHOSE THIS PLACE TO ROD OVER!

THE KID GOES TO THE HOTEL AND TAKES A ROOM, THEN SLEEPS UNTIL THE NIGHT HAS BLANKETED THE TOWN IN DARKNESS...

SOUNDS QUIET--NOW'S MY CHANCE TO MAKE A BREAK OUT OF THIS SNAKE'S NEST!

...AND A FEW MOMENTS LATER, RIDES QUIETLY OUT OF TOWN!

THEN, AS THE KID LEAVES CHANEYVILLE BEHIND HIM...

YOU DIRTY DOG!

HEY! THIS IS THE MOST BLOODTHIRSTY RANGE I EVER SAW!

C'MON, STEEL...UP AN' AT HIM! THERE...THAT OUGHT TO QUIET THIS JASPER DOWN!

OWWWW!

HE'S BEGINNING TO STIR! C'MON, OL'-TIMER, WAKE UP --I GOT SOME QUESTIONS TO PUT TO YOU!

OWWW, MY HEAD! WH-WHAT HAPPENED?

YOU VULTURE, GO AHEAD AN' KILL ME--BUT YOU CAN TELL YOUR BOSS, SNAKE, THAT HE'LL GET HIS! THE WEST MAY OVERLOOK MANY THINGS, BUT KIDNAPING YOUNG GALS ISN'T ONE OF THEM!

YOU'VE GOT ME TAGGED WRONG, MISTER--I'M NOT ONE OF SNAKE'S HARDCASES...MY NAME IS KID COLT! NOW WHAT'S THIS ABOUT KIDNAPING?

KID COLT! I'VE HEARD ABOUT YOU, AN' EVEN THOUGH YOU'RE AN OUTLAW, THE THINGS I HEARD WERE ALL TO THE GOOD! I'M GONNA TAKE A CHANCE ON YOU...MAYBE YOU CAN HELP ME...AN' GOODNESS KNOWS I NEED HELP!

START SPILLIN', MISTER! IF SNAKE FINDS ME GONE HE MIGHT TAKE AFTER ME WITH HIS BOYS!

I'M CHRIS DURBIN, THE MAN WHO WORKED THE CHANEYVILLE MINE! I FOUND THE MINE AN' KEPT IT A SECRET AN' PULLED PLENTY OF GOLD OUT OF IT! THEN ONE DAY SOME DYNAMITE WENT OFF AN' COVERED THE MOUTH OF THE MINE! I WANDERED AWAY, DAZED, AN' WHEN I CAME TO I COULDN'T REMEMBER ITS LOCATION... BUT ANYHOW I HAD ENOUGH TO BUILD ME AN' MY GAL A FINE RANCH!

THEN SNAKE CAME INTO THE RANGE, HEARD THE STORY BUT WOULDN'T BELIEVE THAT I'D FORGOTTEN THE LOCATION OF THE MINE! HE TOOK OVER CHANEYVILLE, BUT COULDN'T FIND IT! THEN NIGHT BEFORE LAST HE KIDNAPED MY DAUGHTER, SYLVIA, AN' LEFT A NOTE THAT IF I DIDN'T TELL HIM THE LOCATION I'D NEVER SEE HER ALIVE AGAIN! I NOTIFIED THE RANGERS AN' CAME OUT HERE TO SEE IF THERE WAS ANYTHING I COULD DO!

WELL, IT LOOKS LIKE I'VE GOT TO GO BACK TO CHANEYVILLE!

I'LL SEE IF I CAN FIND OUT WHERE THEY'RE KEEPING YOUR DAUGHTER, AN' IF THERE'S ANY CHANCE, I'LL GET HER OUT! YOU STICK CLOSE OUT HERE IN CASE I NEED HELP!

KID, I DON'T KNOW WHAT TO SAY 'CEPT--GOOD LUCK AN' VAYA CON DIOS!

IT IS DAWN AS KID COLT RIDES INTO CHANEYVILLE!

MORNIN', SNAKE! JUST BEEN TAKIN' A LITTLE PASEO AROUND TO GET THE LAY OF THE LAND!

HI, KID! A NEW MAN RODE IN LAST NIGHT TO JOIN UP! I WANT YOU TO MEET HIM AN' SEE IF YOU KNOW HIM--I'M NOT SURE OF HIM!

MY ONLY CHANCE TO GET OUT OF THIS ALIVE IS TO TRY TO WHITTLE DOWN THIS GANG A LITTLE! I'LL START RIGHT NOW!

HE'S AT THE FAR END OF THE BAR!

WHAT WAS THAT YOU TWO COYOTES CALLED ME? I DON'T TAKE THAT FROM ANYBODY!

HUH? WE DIDN'T SAY A WORD!

KEEP YOUR MOUTH OFF US, KID, WE DON'T LIKE IT!

I DON'T CARE WHAT YOU LIKE! DRAW!

GET HIM, BLACKIE!

YOU ASKED FOR IT!

THANKS, FRIEND! I DIDN'T SEE THAT JASPER BEHIND ME!

THINK NOTHING OF IT! MY HANDLE'S STAN GREVILLE! I DON'T LIKE TO SEE A MAN GET SNEAK-SHOT FROM BEHIND... 'SPECIALLY WHEN HE'S FACIN' TWO GUNSLICKS IN FRONT OF HIM!

WELL, NOW THAT YOU TWO HAVE MET, THE KID AN' ME'LL BE GOIN'! THIS IS KID COLT, GREVILLE, THE FAMOUS OUTLAW!

I RECOGNIZED HIM!

LISTEN, THAT JASPER DON'T STRIKE ME RIGHT! HIS ROOM'S UP HERE...YOU AN' ME 'RE GOIN' TO LOOK OVER HIS STUFF! DID YOU RECOGNIZE HIM?

NO...JUST ANOTHER RIDER ON THE OWL-HOOT, FAR AS I CAN SEE!

THERE'S WHERE I KEEP MY SURPRIZE PACKAGE...AND IT'S A REAL CUTE PACKAGE! HA, HA! EVERYTHING OKAY, SCAR?

YEAH, SNAKE! COULD USE A DRINK, THOUGH!

THAT MUST BE WHERE HE'S KEEPING SYLVIA DURBIN CAPTIVE!

OOOP

A FEW MINUTES LATER IN STAN GREVILLE'S ROOM...

JUST AS I THOUGHT--THE LOW-DOWN POLECAT IS A RANGER! LOOK, I FOUND HIS BADGE AND THESE WARRANTS SEWED INSIDE THE FLAPS OF HIS SADDLE-BAG! WARRANTS FOR ME AN' ALL MY MEN AND A WARRANT FOR YOU, TOO, KID!

LEMME SEE THOSE WARRANTS...I WANT TO SEE WHAT IT SAYS ABOUT ME!

S.

I'M GOIN' TO GUN HIM DOWN LIKE A HYDROPHOBY SKUNK!

GREVILLE, YOU DIRTY RANGER--TAKE WHAT'S COMIN' TO YOU!

DANG IT...I SLIPPED! SORRY TO SPOIL YOUR AIM, SNAKE!

UGH! THE REST OF YOU KEEP BACK! I'M GOIN' OUT OF HERE AN' I'LL BLAST THE FIRST MAN GETS IN MY WAY!

HE'S GETTIN' AWAY!

HE WON'T GET FAR...HE'S BAD WOUNDED! HIT THE LEATHER, MEN...WE'LL RIDE HIM DOWN!

THE OUTLAWS POUR AFTER THE WOUNDED RANGER LIKE WOLVES ON A BLOOD TRAIL! THE KID RIDES IN THE REAR, HIS EYES SEARCHING THE SIDES OF THE TRAIL!

IF I KNOW ANYTHING ABOUT RANGERS, GREVILLE WILL CUT OFF THE TRAIL SOON AND INTO THE BRUSH!

SOON HIS KEEN EYES PICK UP THE SIGN...AND KID COLT QUIETLY TURNS HIS STALLION OFF THE TRAIL AS THE OTHERS SMASH ONWARD!

HERE'S WHERE HE TURNED OFF!

HE SURE LEAVES MIGHTY LITTLE SIGN!

STOP RIGHT THERE AN' ELEVATE!

HOLD ON... DON'T SHOOT, STAN! THAT'S KID COLT--HE'S TRYIN' TO GET SYLVIA OUT OF THERE, TOO!

WELL, YOU TWO SEEM TO KNOW EACH OTHER! RANGER, YOU SURE GOT YOUR NERVE WALKIN' INTO THAT SNAKE PIT THE WAY YOU DID!

THANKS FOR THROWIN' SNAKE OFF BALANCE WHEN HE DREW DOWN ON ME, KID!

STAN, HERE, WAS A NEIGHBOR OF OURS BEFORE HE JOINED THE RANGERS, AN' WHEN MY MESSAGE CAME IN, HE VOLUNTEERED TO HELP... ALWAYS WAS A LITTLE SWEET ON SYLVIA!

LISTEN, WHILE SNAKE AN' HIS BUNCH ARE ON GREVILLE'S TRAIL, I'M GOIN' BACK AN' GET THAT GIRL OF YOURS AWAY! BETTER FIX UP THAT ARM, RANGER, AN' BE READY FOR ACTION! ADIOS!

ADIOS! I'LL BE READY!

THE MIGHTY STEELDUST STALLION MAKES SMALL WORK OF THE DISTANCE TO CHANEYVILLE!

IF I CAN ONLY GET HER OUT BEFORE SNAKE AND HIS MEN COME BACK, I'VE GOT A CHANCE OF GETTING AWAY WITH THIS!

INSIDE THE SALOON THE KID CLIMBS THE STAIRS AND WARILY APPROACHES THE GUARDED DOOR!

DID YOU GET THAT JASPER?

NO, NOT YET... SNAKE SENT ME BACK TO GET THE GIRL!

HEY, SNAKE SAID NOT TO... URRGGGG!

THIS OUGHT TO KEEP YOU QUIET LONG ENOUGH!

MISS DURBIN, I HAVEN'T TIME TO EXPLAIN NOW, BUT I CAME FROM YOUR FATHER TO HELP YOU GET AWAY! WILL YOU TRUST ME, AN DO AS I SAY?

YES, YES, ANYTHING-- JUST GET ME OUT OF HERE!

QUICKLY THE KID LEADS THE GIRL DOWN THE STEPS TO THE DOOR AND FREEDOM, BUT AS THEY GAIN THE DOOR!...

TOO LATE! QUICK, GET BACK INSIDE!

HEY, IT'S THAT KID COLT HOMBRE, AN' HE'S GOT THE FILLY!

THE DIRTY DOUBLE-CROSSER! BLAST HIM DOWN, MEN!

TWO MORE DOWN! IF I HAD A LITTLE MORE TIME, I COULD'VE WHITTLED 'EM DOWN TO MY SIZE!

HE'S GONNA HOLE UP IN THE SALOON! FRIO... CHARLEY... GET SOME DYNAMITE!

DYNAMITE! THEY THREW DYNAMITE IN!

SO LONG, YOU DOUBLE-CROSSIN' RAT!

ONE OF THE FLAMING STICKS ROLLS ACROSS THE ROOM. AND THE KID POUNCES UPON IT, PINCHING OUT THE FUSE!

THE OTHER ONE... IT'S READY TO GO OFF!

TOO LATE TO GET IT! HUNCH DOWN AGAINST THAT WALL AN' PRAY!

BOOM!

DAZED BY THE TERRIFIC BLAST BUT OTHERWISE UNHURT KID COLT STAGGERS TO HIS FEET... AND MAKES AN INTERESTING DISCOVERY!

LOOK! THE BLAST OPENED THE ENTRANCE TO AN OLD MINE... I'LL BET IT'S YOUR FATHER'S OLD CHANEYVILLE DIGGIN'S! C'MON, MISS, WE'LL DUCK DOWN INTO IT... IT'S OUR ONLY CHANCE! HURRY, BEFORE THOSE BUZZARDS START FLOCKIN' IN!

HERE THEY COME! RECKON THEY'RE ALL IN NOW SO I'LL JUST RETURN THIS STICK OF DYNAMITE TO THEM WITH MY COMPLIMENTS! DUCK, MISS!

WHERE DID THAT JASPER GO?... DYNAMITE! LOOK OUT! DYNAMITE!

LET ME OUT OF HERE!

...

DYNAMITE! IT'S GOIN' TO GO IN A SECOND!

WE'RE TRAPPED!

SAFE IN THE QUIVERING EARTH, THE KID AND THE GIRL HEAR THE AWFUL BOOM THAT SIGNALS THE RETURN OF SNAKE AND HIS COHORTS TO ETERNITY!

LATER...

HONEY, YOU'RE SAFE...YOU'RE SAFE!

OH, DAD, IT WAS AWFUL! IF IT HADN'T BEEN FOR...FOR HIM!

GREVILLE, HERE'S YOUR BADGE AND THOSE WARRANTS THAT SNAKE FOUND! RECKON YOU CAN TEAR THOSE WARRANTS UP UNLESS YOU AIM TO SERVE THEM ON DEAD MEN!

THERE'S ONLY ONE OF THE MEN NAMED IN THOSE WARRANTS THAT'S STILL ALIVE... KID COLT!

WELL, NOW, AIN'T THAT A SHAME...I TORE THEM ALL UP! RECKON THAT KID COLT HOMBRE'LL JUST HAVE TO GO FREE TILL WE CAN GET ANOTHER WARRANT OUT ON HIM!

RECKON 'ME AN' STEEL'LL MOSEY ALONG! ADIOS!

ADIOS, KID, AND GOD BLESS YOU!

GOOD-BYE, KID! VAYA CON DIOS!

GOOD-BYE!

THE END.

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"A Letter to Our Readers and Their Parents!"

IT IS OUR EARNEST HOPE THAT YOU ENJOY reading our magazines. You know, there are many different kinds of stories, and we get a different kind of satisfaction from each one. We like the stories of Robin Hood and the Iliad of Homer, because we can imagine ourselves heroes, overcoming the enemy. We like stories of great men in history, because they make us ambitious to do good, kind deeds. We like stories of mischievous boys like Tom Sawyer, because Tom does many of the things we would enjoy doing, but some of them we cannot do.

Some of you probably choose books with a lot of pictures, because the pictures seem to make the story live. That, to some extent, explains your interest in comics.

In our magazines, we try to give you good pictures and interesting stories. We would like to feel, also, that we are helping you to take a stand in favor of right and justice, develop respect for law and order, and learn to protect weaker people, just like the heroes in our adventure stories.

The grown-ups of this world owe you young people an apology, because we haven't made the world a very secure and peaceful place in which to live. Our comics portray, it is true, some of the unhappy things that happen in the world. But they are things you know about anyway—and in the stories, at least, the good people always win. All of us wish it were that way in real life as well.

Just as there are good and bad people, good and bad radio programs, good and bad movies, so there is good and bad literature. In order to help you always choose the good, we will continue to do our best to maintain a high standard in our own magazines.

Please remember that comics, with their many pictures, are just one type of literature. We also want you to grow familiar with the great books in our vast literary heritage, and we have no doubt that, with guidance from your parents, teachers, and town librarians, you *will* become interested in those classics, and learn to love them.

Meanwhile, don't forget, though you can get the thrill of humor and adventure in comic magazines—they should, nonetheless, be considered in two ways: Not only for the pleasure they give you, but also as a stepping-stone to your appreciation of books that have stood the test of time as reading fare for all people, young and old.

Incidentally, one of our recent editorials used the word "endorsement" in connection with Dr. Thompson's services to us as Editorial Consultant. In the interest of further clarification of Dr. Thompson's functions, we wish to state that Marvel Comic Group submits all its published magazines to Dr. Thompson for review, criticism, and report to our staff, which is under constant instruction to accept Dr. Thompson's criticisms, and to abide by the same. In this way, we constantly strive to bring better comic magazines to our vast group of readers.

MARVEL COMIC GROUP
THE EDITORS

TEX TAYLOR

JENSON

PROF. CORREL

MAVIS CORREL

"THE *THINGS* IN THE CAVE!"

5128

IT SAYS HERE THAT THE BANDITS WHO ROBBED THE TRAIN NEAR FARGO CITY GOT CLEAN AWAY WITH $50,000 IN GOLD! WANT TO READ IT, ALKALI?

YOU KIN HAVE YOUR NEWSPAPER, TEX! ME... I GET MORE OF A KICK WATCHIN' THE JASPERS THAT GET OFF THE TRAINS!

SEE WHAT I MEAN? LOOK AT THAT ONE!

LOOKS LIKE HE WAS WEANED ON SOUR APPLES!

COULD EITHER OF YOU GENTLEMEN DIRECT ME TO THE MAYAN RUINS?

WAL, STRANGER, RECKON I KNOW THIS COUNTRY 'BOUT AS WELL AS ANYBODY... BEEN PROSPECTIN' THIS NECK OF THE WOODS FOR NIGH ONTO 30 YEARS!

THE MAYAN RUINS, HUH? THE INDIANS CALL IT "THE ABODE OF THE CLAWED DEVILS!" HOW ABOUT IT, TEX, SHOULD WE TAKE A TRIP UP THATAWAY?

WHY NOT? NOTHIN' DOIN' AROUND HERE AN' WE NEVER SEEN THE RUINS!

ARRANGEMENTS ARE COMPLETED THAT SAME DAY, AND THE NEXT MORNING THE LITTLE PARTY SETS OUT FOR THE ANCIENT MAYAN RUINS!

PROFESSOR JENKINS, YOU ONE OF THOSE JASPERS THAT DIG IN OLD PLACES TO FIND OUT ABOUT THE PEOPLE WHO USED TO LIVE THERE?

YES, THAT IS CORRECT!

AFTER SEVERAL DAYS' JOURNEY, THE THREE TRAVELERS COME TO A DESOLATE COUNTRY OF VOLCANIC ROCK...

WE'LL BE UNDER THE RUINS IN A FEW MINUTES NOW! STRANGE TALES ARE TOLD ABOUT THAT PLACE... ABOUT CREATURES WITH CLAWS WHO CRAWL OUT OF THE GROUND AT NIGHT LIKE MOLES! EVERYBODY'S AFRAID TO GO NEAR IT!

THIS ROCK IS TREACHEROUS-- ANY KIND OF A JAM COULD CAUSE A LANDSLIDE

I'M GOIN' UP THERE NOW AND LOOK OVER THE GROUND!

WHY DON'T YOU WAIT TILL MORNING? IT'LL BE GETTIN' DARK SOON!

HE SURE IS AN IMPATIENT CUSS!

LET'S FOLLOW HIM... I'D LIKE TO GET A LOOK AT THOSE RUINS MYSELF!

YOU FOLLOWED ME! GET BACK! GO BACK TO CAMP AND NEVER COME NEAR THE RUINS AGAIN OR I'LL KILL YOU!

PROFESSOR, I DON'T SAVVY WHAT THIS IS ALL ABOUT! BUT YOU SURE MADE A MISTAKE WHEN YOU PULLED A GUN!

SEE WHAT I MEAN?

YOU...!

BAM!

QUIET! LISTEN! HEAR THAT SOUND? LIKE SOMEBODY TAPPING ON A ROCK WITH A PROSPECTOR'S HAMMER!

IT'S COMING FROM INSIDE THE RUINS! C'MON -- LET'S SEE WHAT IT IS!

IT'S COMING FROM IN BACK OF THAT SLAB OF STONE!

WAIT'LL I LIGHT THE LAMP AN' WE'LL SEE IF WE CAN MOVE THE SLAB!

SHE'S COMMENCIN' TO MOVE!

ONE MORE SHOVE AND IT'LL TOPPLE!

THERE! WELL, I'LL BE HORNSWOGGLED-- THERE'S A GIRL IN HERE!

HELP ME, PLEASE! MY FATHER -- HE'S HERE, TOO!

THERE! THAT'S BETTER!

I'M MAVIS CORREL AND THIS IS MY DAD, PROFESSOR CORREL! DAD FOUND THAT OPENING IN THE WALL AND WENT THROUGH IT! I WAITED HOURS... THEN, WHEN HE DIDN'T COME, I WENT IN AFTER HIM! HE WAS DOWN A LITTLE WAYS, UNCONSCIOUS AND CLAWED LIKE THAT!

HOW DID THE SLAB GET OVER THE HOLE?

LOOK -- HE'S COMIN' TO!

I DON'T KNOW! I STARTED TO DRAG DAD UP AND, JUST BEFORE I REACHED THE ENTRANCE-- SOMEONE PUSHED THE SLAB IN FRONT OF IT!

YOU, JENKINS! SO YOU FOLLOWED ME OUT HERE! WELL, I FOUND THE MAYAN GODDESS IDOL... JUST AS THE OLD MANUSCRIPT DESCRIBED... ENCRUSTED WITH PRECIOUS JEWELS WORTH A KING'S RANSOM!

YES... I FOLLOWED YOU! YOU'D TURN THAT IDOL OVER TO THE MUSEUM, YOU FOOL!

WELL, I'LL HAVE IT ALL TO MYSELF... A FORTUNE IN JEWELS! WHERE IS IT, CORREL? QUICK... TELL ME OR YOUR DAUGHTER DIES!

DON'T SHOOT! I'LL TELL YOU!

WE SHOULD'VE WATCHED THE BUZZARD! HE MUST'VE PICKED UP THE GUN YOU SHOT OUT OF HIS HAND!

IT'S DOWN THERE, JENKINS, BUT YOU'LL NEVER GET IT! IT'S GUARDED BY MONSTERS, REMNANTS OF THE ANCIENT MAYANS WHO BURROWED UNDERGROUND AND, OVER THE CENTURIES, HAVE CHANGED INTO MOLELIKE CREATURES-- HAIRLESS, BLIND, WITH HUGE DETACHABLE CLAWS IN THE PLACE OF HANDS!

THAT'S THE SAME AS THE INDIAN LEGENDS!

BOSH, YOU'RE JUST TRYING TO SCARE ME OFF, BUT IT WON'T WORK, CORREL! ALL OF YOU LINE UP AGAINST THE WALL-- I'M GOING TO KILL YOU... THEN THE IDOL WILL BE ALL MINE!

YOU'RE FORGETTING SOMETHING, MISTER! SOMEBODY PUSHED THAT SLAB IN FRONT OF THAT TUNNEL-- THERE'S SOMEONE OR SOMETHING HERE BESIDES OURSELVES!

THAT'S RIGHT! THE GIRL GETS IT LAST... I'LL KEEP HER AS A SHIELD SO THAT YOU DON'T TRY ANYTHING, TAYLOR!

... WHO BREAKS THE PEACE OF THE MAYAN TEMPLE? NOW ALL OF YOU INTRUDERS SHALL DIE!

TEX, I'M GITTIN' SCARED!

PERISH FOOLS!... OOHHH!!

YOU SURE SPEAK A GOOD BRAND OF AMERICAN FOR MAYAN GODS!

I DON'T RECOLLECT THAT THE MAYANS CARRIED .45'S LIKE THESE JASPERS!

BAM!

THEY'RE TURNIN' TAIL! YOU STAY HERE, ALKALI... I'M GOIN' AFTER THOSE MAYAN COYOTES!

BRING BACK THEIR HIDES, TEX!

GOT ANOTHER ONE... THAT LEAVES ONLY TWO!

BAM!

I'VE GOT TO TAKE ONE OF THESE JASPERS ALIVE! I'VE GOT SOME QUESTIONS I WANT ANSWERED!

AH, NOW I'VE GOT... ARRGHHH!!!

IN A SPOT LIKE THIS A MAN SHOULD SHOOT FIRST AN' TALK AFTERWARDS!

WONDER WHERE THE OTHER... OWWOOP!

I'M GOIN' TO TAKE YOU ALIVE, MISTER!

OOOFF!

TALK, MISTER, IF YOU WANTA LIVE!

DON'T SHOOT... I'LL TALK! I'M DUKE BENSON! ME AN' MY GANG ROBBED THE FARGO CITY TRAIN AN' WE PICKED THIS PLACE FOR A HIDE-OUT, FIGURIN' NOBODY WOULD COME HERE! THEN THE OLD GUY AN' THE GAL CAME AN' WE SEALED 'EM IN THE HOLE TO SCARE 'EM! THEN YOU GUYS CAME, SO WE PUT ON THOSE INDIAN CLOTHES WE FOUND TO SCARE YOU!

THE GOLD WE ROBBED IS BURIED IN THE FLOOR OF THE FIRST ROOM!

HERE'S THE MAYAN GOD, FOLKS -- NAME'S DUKE!

LOOK OUT BEHIND YUH, TEX!

YOU'VE TRIED THIS ONCE TOO OFTEN! GOOD-BYE, JENKINS!

THE LAMP'S GOING OUT!

YOU AN' YOUR DAD STICK CLOSE TO ME, MISS!

THE CAVE IS PLUNGED IN SUDDEN, FEARFUL DARKNESS! THEN, IN THE THICK BLACKNESS, TEX AND ALKALI FIND THEMSELVES FIGHTING FOR THEIR LIVES AGAINST UNKNOWN EVILS!

ALKALI, TRY TO GET TO THE OUTSIDE! MUST BE MORE OF DUKE'S GANG!

WATCH IT, TEX-- THEY'RE USIN' KNIVES!

I GUESS THOSE JASPERS HAD ENOUGH... THEY BEAT IT BACK INSIDE, SOON'S WE GOT CLOSE TO THE ENTRANCE!

LISTEN... WHAT'S THAT RUMBLE?

IT'S THE CLIFF! THE GUNSHOTS STARTED A LANDSLIDE!

RUN! THAT VOLCANIC ROCK WILL COVER EVERYTHING IN A FEW SECONDS!

RUN FOR THE CAMP!

THAT WAS A CLOSE ONE!

THE MAYAN IDOL GONE... FOREVER BURIED FROM THE SIGHT OF MAN!

YEP! AN' SO'S THE $50,000... AN' DUKE AN' HIS MEN, AN' JENKINS!

A FEW DAYS LATER, BACK AT THE COOPERS CREEK RAILROAD STATION...

THERE GOES A MIGHTY PURTY LITTLE FILLY!

YEP, AN' THE OL' PROFESSOR LOOKS A LOT BETTER NOW!

HE FINALLY ADMITTED HE MUST'VE BEEN OUT OF HIS HEAD WHEN HE THOUGHT HE SAW THOSE MOLE THINGS WITH DETACHABLE CLAWS!

YUP, YOU SURE EXPLAINED HOW IT WAS DUKE'S GANG THAT DID IT ALL... 'CEPT YOU KINDA FORGOT THERE WAS ONLY FOUR MEN IN DUKE'S GANG! AN' AFTER WE HAD THAT SO-CALLED KNIFE FIGHT IN THE DARK, I FOUND THIS HANGIN' TO ONE OF THE RIPS IN MY CLOTHES...

HOW DO YOU EXPLAIN *THIS*, TEX?

THE END

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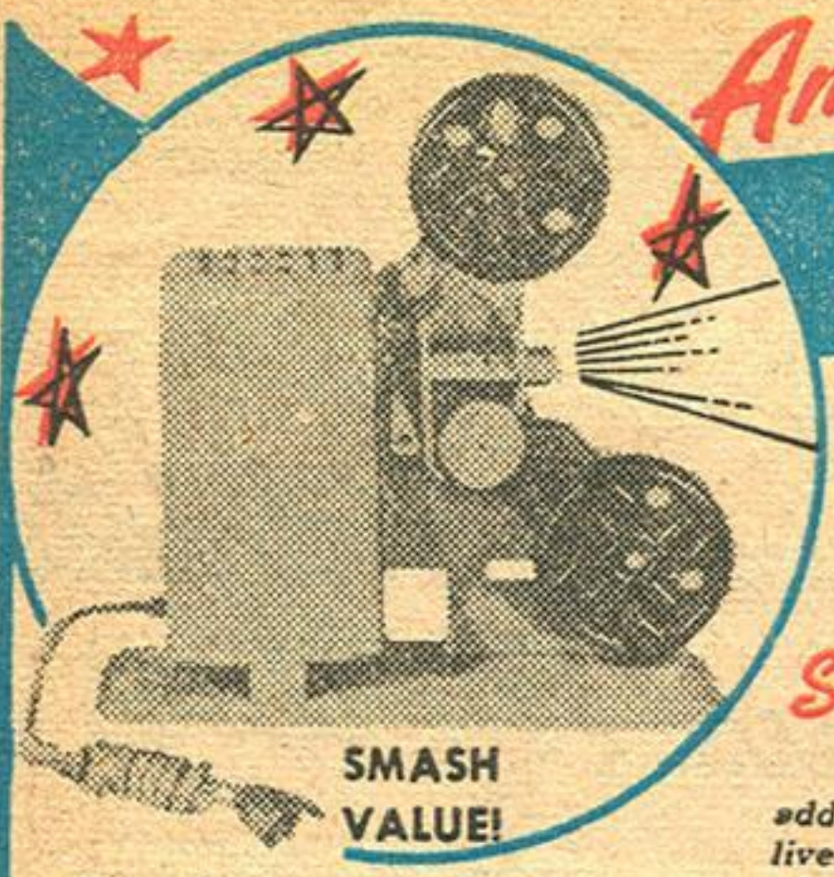

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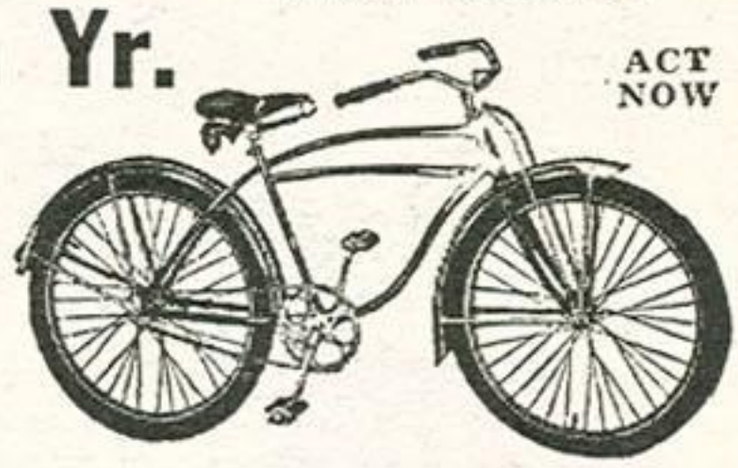

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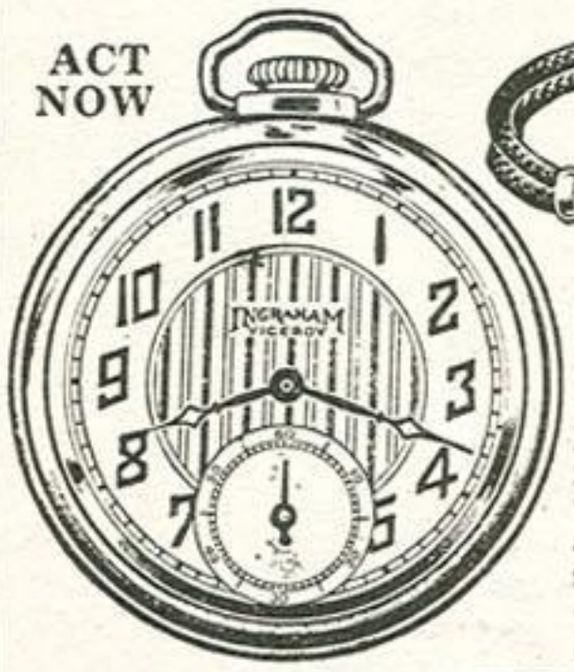

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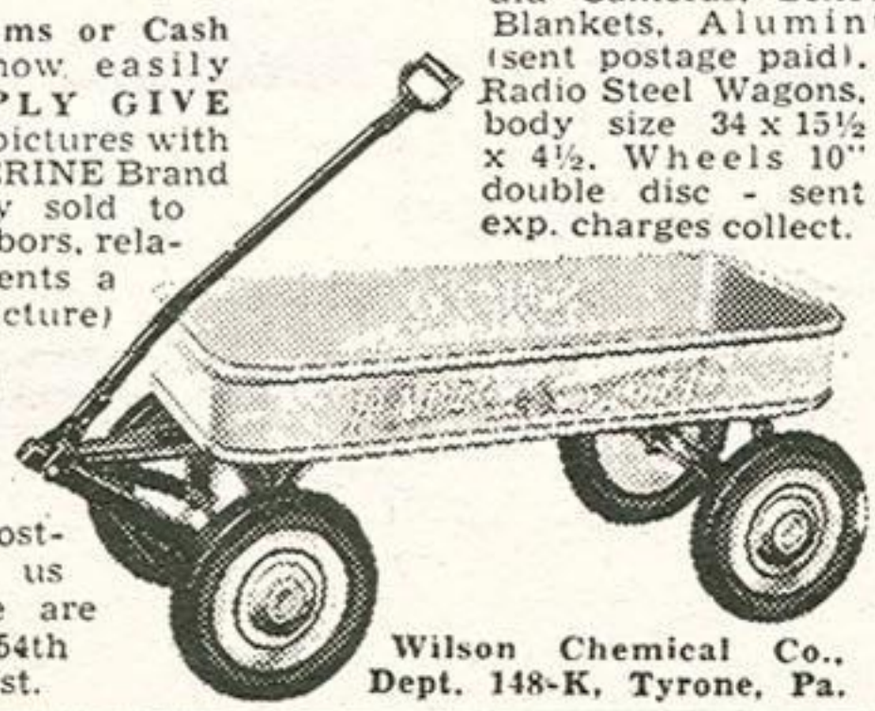

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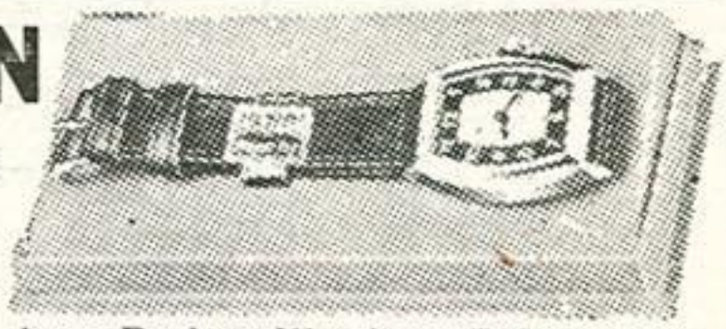

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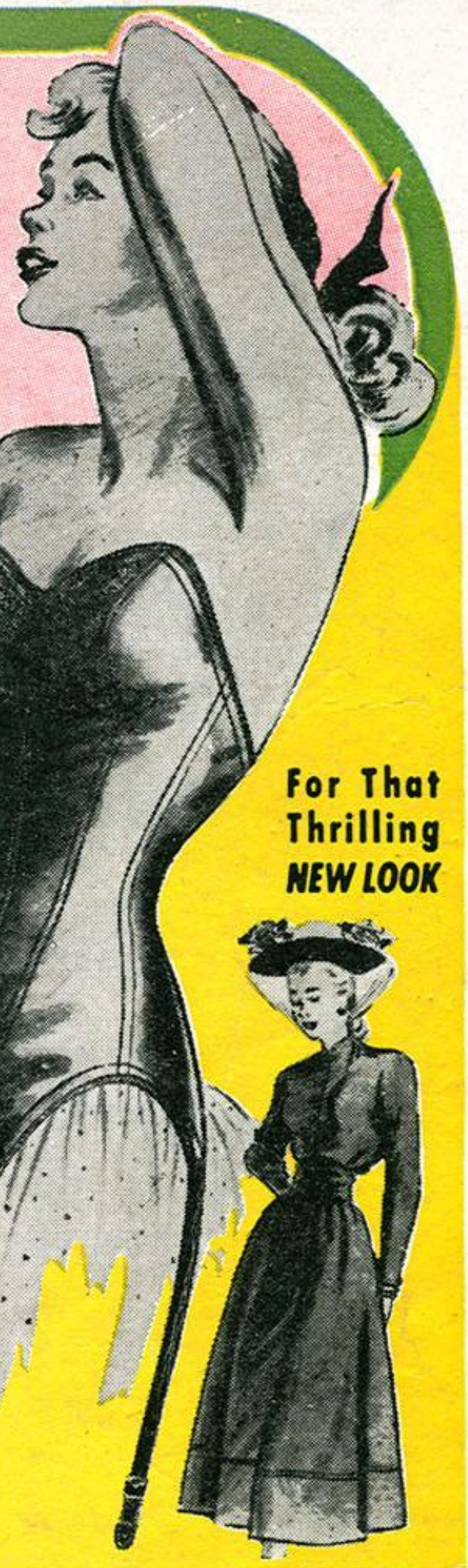

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